

Good Morning 229

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

THESE GIRLS MAKE SIGNALS POSSIBLE

DO you know the duties of a flag-machinist? Did you know such beings even existed? Come to a side street near the Tower of London and meet them.

The name of Benjamin Edgington is over the door of the warehouse, and to the commercial world that stands for a century and a half of first-class flag-making.

The office that is shared by the chief clerk, the telephone operator, the typists and the office boy is as intimate as most City warehouse offices. To get from the office to the workshops one has to cross a cobbled ramp and climb a staircase.

The workroom looks like "The Bag o' Nails" at Victoria at Coronation time; it is a mass of colour, the only difference being that at the public-house the flags are complete and hanging from the ceiling. Here they are heaped on the floor, the benches, and draped round the necks of employees, and mostly they are only partly stitched.

William Hoggan is the foreman here, and he knows everything about flags; he has been in the trade nearly forty years. His family is, in the trade, too.

In his corner of the workroom are scores of cut-out patterns of skull and crossbones, hammer and sickle, lions' heads, emblems of Royal families. He has made flags for the Brigade of Guards, golf clubs, and much else.

Through his fingers have passed many thousands of Admiralty flags, pennants, and triangles. He knows the combination of colour that goes to make every flag of the belligerent nations.

His particular pride are the silk Jolly Rogers he makes for submarines when they make presentations to the towns that have adopted them; they take about four hours' labour and half a mile of silk thread, and yards of the best available silk.

"Everything we turn out is perfect," he told me, "but everyone seems to have a great pride in Jolly Rogers, so if it's possible they are just that little bit better."

To cope with the rush of orders for Union Jacks,

printed rolls are cut into the appropriate size, though normally 31 pieces of material are used.

They are cut into strips, so many narrow red and narrow blue, a certain number of large triangular white and blue, and so on, and placed beside the flag machinists.

From there the flag is checked and passed on to juniors, who attach the ropes and hand them on to finishers. These are mostly young girls, who do the splicing and other finishing jobs.

And that, sailors, is how your signals are made—in the first stage and on dry land.



YOU CAN'T BLUFF OUR BUTTON "B"

"I CAN tell you," confided the G.P.O. telephone chief, "that our annual revenue from telephones is about £35,000,000. Thirty-five millions. Yes, that's a lot of money."

"It has been increasing at the rate of about £2,000,000 a year. But at various periods there has also been a sudden increase in the number of phone-box crooks. It looks so easy—but isn't—to rifle a phone-booth cash-box without being caught."

Do you want to know actual figures? At one time the thefts from phone-boxes amounted to only £10 a month average all over Britain. Then, when the gangs got to work, they jumped to nearly £200 a week. A former head of the G.P.O. Investigation Branch, Mr. F. C. Cartwright, installed a secret buzzer in telephone booths, so that it would give a secret warning if the coin-boxes were tampered with in any way.

Mr. Cartwright modestly disclaimed any credit, subsequently, for this invention; but the fact is that it was remarkably successful in breaking up a number of gangs who specialised in coin-box thefts, and who were "milking" the G.P.O. to the tune of over £200 a week at one time!

All sorts of queer customers try thefts in phone-boxes, and I know now by heart all the

Says Peter Dugan

answers that are usually trotted forth if a man—or a woman (and it often is a woman)—is caught red-handed trying to get some money illegally out of a coin-box.

"I just pushed button B and out poured the money..." they say!

Well, "just pushing button B" can never get you more than 2d., and you'll be very lucky indeed if you get that. It will only be a couple of pennies inserted by a previous user of the phone-box and which he has forgotten to get back after failing to make a call for any reason.

When a call has been made and button A depressed, the money falls through into the coin-tray. It then has no connection whatever with the button B department.

So all these stories of the man who went into a phone-box, pressed button B and came out with a fiver, are just pieces of ingenious imagination.

So, too, is that delightful "Fougasse" cartoon—which now adorns a Very High Official's desk in the G.P.O.—which shows a puzzled telephone caller keeping his finger on button B while from the instrument pour forth a stream of coppers, silver, pound notes, fivers... and, last of all, a Schedule D income tax demand form!

Plenty of people "doodle" when they make a call in a public box. The scrawls and fanciful figures on the walls are silent testimony to the doodling powers of most telephone talkers.

A detective was very interested in the doodling being done by one young girl whom he saw trying to get a call through in a public box. Her arm kept swaying. She would hold the instrument as though very annoyed at being kept waiting. Then she'd slam out of the box, stare up and down the street, and repeat the performance about twenty minutes' later.

While one of his men followed her up the street during one interval in her telephoning, the detective examined the box. Everything seemed in order. The coin-box was still bolted.

There were a few burned matches on the floor, a little cigarette ash—and there was

some cigarette ash that almost seemed to glisten! He picked a stuff of it in his fingers, and, sure enough, it was a pinch of metal filings!

Just to make sure, he touched the coin-box lock, and it came away in his hand, the lock having been opened.

While pretending to draw a doodle design, this deft-fingered girl must have sawn neatly round the lock plate with a tiny metal file, and there was the lock ready to be removed.

Quick as a hare, he darted out of the box and headed off in the direction one of his assistants had taken. She couldn't be more than 200 yards away, and probably wasn't suspicious.

He headed her off completely, and, coming round the corner, bumped full tilt into her. There was his man only ten yards in the rear, also taken aback at his sudden appearance.

"Is she phoney—?" he began, but just at that moment the girl recovered, kicked out like a mad kangaroo, and started to run for the opposite side of the street.

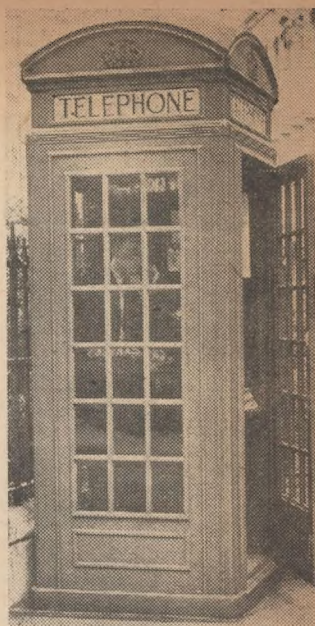
A red-faced woman almost spat in his face. "How dare you hit a young girl like that!" and raised her arms to grab him.

In the scuffle somebody else joined in the free fight, and it almost brought tears to the detective's eyes to see that phone-box crook disappearing on her dainty high heels up the street out of reach—just like a film scene.

Nearly three minutes elapsed before they were on the chase again, but this time they had her handbag with the little key-saw in it.

They didn't catch her that day; nor on any other day did they catch her red-handed again. But they checked up on her and the company she kept, and that gave them a clue to another phone-box gang, where they were more fortunate in getting a capture.

It was a lucky thing this girl was disturbed before she got the sawn-out lock away from the coin-box, because it was one of the latest KK-type locks that has several thousand possible combinations. With this lock to experiment with to their heart's delight the gang could have made up a skeleton key that might have fitted.



The Post Office used a C-type lock a few years ago. That gave only 100 possible combinations. There were so many thefts that they shifted over to the K-type. Now they have an even better type.

"I reckon that old chap must be a Nature-lover," the friendly woman police officer smiled at a detective as he was going his rounds one day.

"He collects leaves off trees. But he only picks up the dead leaves and doesn't collect the nice fresh, green ones you'd think he'd want for a collection or for pressing in a book!"

"Then perhaps he's a lover of other things as well as Nature," the detective grinned, and she didn't see the joke.

A C.I.D. man is always suspicious of dead leaves. It is an old crook dodge to poke dried leaves in a keyhole of an empty house. By checking on the leaves every day the crook can soon see if the lock is used.

The detective imparted this bit of Sherlock Holmes advice to the woman officer, and she agreed to watch the strange activities of this old chap. Not another hour elapsed before he heard her pre-arranged signal, and on darting around the corner she whispered all eagerly to me, "You're right. He's been in the phone-box and that one on Warren Square, just pushing a rolled-up leaf in the keyhole..."

They caught that phone-box crook red-handed—thanks to a dead leaf!

The £.S.D. OF IT

THE money that is forgotten every year is surprising to most people. People put money in the bank, and forget it.

There are estimated to be about 12,000 "unclaimed balances" in Britain's banks—not including the Post Office Savings Bank, which has no less than 900,000 of them!

Many of the sums forgotten have been in banks for many years.

In the case of the Post Office Savings Banks the "forgotten" accounts amount only to an average of 1s. 11d. each. Some are more, others consist of odd pence which, no doubt, the

FORGOTTEN CASH

owner did not think worth drawing out.

The unclaimed balances of the ordinary banks are believed to average £100, making a total of £1¼ millions lying forgotten. There are all sorts of reasons why men may forget accounts. Probably some have died and left no record for their executors of accounts they used for special purposes, perhaps not always honest or open.

But banks are not the only places where people forget their money. The Postmaster-General rakes in about £14,000 a year from public call offices because people who fail to get their number forget to press Button B to get back their money! If we take the average call as a twopenny one, this means 1,600,000 people a year who forget their money!

Thousands of people fail to collect money due to them from the County Courts. The Courts

wait for them to come forward, but they forget all about it, and after fifteen years it goes to reduce the National Debt.

The sums vary from a few pounds to several thousands. A few years ago the Exchequer benefited to the extent of half a million pounds by people's forgetfulness in this direction.

When it took over the unclaimed money of the Chancery Court in 1869 the amount was £4,000,000.

People forget the "deposits" they pay for the installation of gas, electric light, and so on. This, perhaps, is understandable, because they may remain in the house for many years.

The companies always return the deposit if asked when the account is closed. But some only do so if asked. And many people forget to ask because they have forgotten their "investment."

Here's News—and a Photo for A.B. Dickie DENT

NOTHING would persuade your two pets, "Rex" the retriever and "Dickie" the cat, to be photographed together at your home in 165 West Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

In fact, jealousy between them was not the real word. Rex growled something terrible as soon as Harry, your brother, picked Dickie up for the picture, and in disgust turned his back on the "Good Morning" photographer.

It was only because Mum had hold of his collar that he squeezed into the picture at all.

Well, the cat is certainly growing now, isn't it, even though you said it was of the "Peter Pan" variety, never to grow any more. It was quite good fun getting this picture; in fact, there was quite a scramble, in which all took part, and judging by the look on the cat's face it was really interesting.

By the way, Mum said she is making some Christmas pudding and cake, but is saving you some for when you get home. Johnny Henry, "Slash" and Dennis Conway are now in the Merchant Navy.

If Rex gives you the greeting he gave the photographer, you certainly have something to look forward to when you get home. His pleasure at greeting you nearly breaks your legs when he wags his tail, Mum told us. All's well at home, Dickie, and all send their love. Good hunting!



THE LADY IN
NUMBER FOUR
PART XII

THAT cautious old Webb knew a deal more than he had told, Merrow had no doubt. For a few moments he debated going straight off to London to question him. Then he realised that that could wait. It was more important to identify this man, Frederick E. Charlton, and possibilities of identification were nearer to hand; at Wodenbridge, half an hour's drive away.

Hugh Merrow knew something of the sailing fraternity. Archie Warner, a friend of his, owned a little four-ton sloop, the "Hebe," at Burnham, and Merrow often spent an odd day or two with him nosing about the Essex estuaries. Indeed, only a couple of summers before they had ventured as far as Wodenbridge itself. They had been weather-bound there for two days, and Merrow recalled how he had intended to job a car and take Archie to Wilford to see his pet pub, the "Black Boy." But a sudden shift of wind made them abandon the trip and they had put to sea again instead. And now, already he had decided, he was going to drive from the "Black Boy" to Wodenbridge.

Wodenbridge is an ancient port, a serene and sleepy place of narrow streets and red roofs and hidden gardens. It clustered about a hillside overlooking the tidal river Woden.

WANGLING WORDS—184

- 1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after TABLISH, to make a word.
- 2.—Rearrange the letters of CONTEST NOT OKE, to make a Northern town.
- 3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BEER into HOPS, WILD into CATS, CASK into BEER, DIVER into WATER.
- 4.—How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from SUPERSTITION?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 183

- 1.—LEVIABLE.
- 2.—GLASTONBURY.
- 3.—BOWL, BAWL, BAIL, BOIL, TOIL, TAIL, TALK, TACK, JACK, SONG, SING, SINK, SICK, LICK, LACK, LACE, LAME, LIME, TIME, MARE, MORE, FORE, FORD, CORD, LORD, LOAD, GOAD, GOAL, FOAL, WATER, CATER, CATES, BATES, BITES, BINES, WINES, WINGS.
- 4.—Fans, Tans, Tins, Last, List, Lift, Fail, Flan, Lain, Nail, Tint, Lint, Cast, Fast, Sail, Cant, Salt, Slit, Tail, Clan, Talc, etc. Saint, Stain, Faint, Canal, Antic, Taint, Tails, Slant, Final, Snail, etc.

Charlton gets the Jitters

★ ★ ★

There was an ancient tavern close by the quay, the "Hoy." He hoped he would be remembered, and he was. Grey-haired George Beale, the landlord, seldom forgot a sailing customer.

"I've seen you before, sir," he said as he took Merrow's money. "Some good time ago it'd be, wouldn't it?"

"It was," Merrow said. "A couple of years ago, when we had that summer gale, if you remember—"

A blue-jerseyed fisherman at the bar nodded, and joined in with another memory of that hard August blow.

Presently Merrow said: "I was rather hoping to find a friend here to-day. He hasn't been in, Mr. Beale, has he? Mr. Warner, of the 'Hebe'?"

"No, sir. I haven't seen him not for some time. He was in here for a night round about Whitsun. Maybe he'll be coming up on this tide. No one haven't seen a boat called 'Hebe,' have they?" Beale added, addressing the room.

Nobody had, and Merrow, having established his background, strolled out on to the quay, with a promise to return later.

There were half-a-dozen or so yachts moored out in the stream, and he eyed them curiously. It shouldn't be difficult, with a little tactful questioning, to discover if one of them were Charlton's boat. The fisherman who had been in the bar gave him an opportunity.

He came along from the inn carrying a crate of bottled beer, and Merrow began a conversation which led, naturally enough, to the yachts at anchor. Sam dumped his crate on the ground, ready and willing to talk. He knew most of the yachts. Merrow fixed on one of them at hazard to start enquiries, but she was owned by a local doctor. He admired another.

Sam answered proudly, "She belongs to me, sir." Merrow felt he must praise her a bit more before he asked further questions. "Yes. I like the look of her. What's her name?"

"Well, we call her the 'Pegasus,' sir," Sam grinned, "though rightly her name's 'Pegasus'—Mr. Charlton, he always call her 'Pegasus'."

"Mr. Charlton!" Merrow said sharply. "Who's he?"

"London gentleman who's hired her for the season."

Merrow forced a laugh. "The gentleman thinks 'Pegasus' sounds a bit smarter, I suppose?"

"That's about it, sir."

"Is he a sailing man?"

"Why, yes, sir. He can manage her all right, but he don't sail a lot. Mostly he just lives aboard her, him

and his lady. Has his friends down to see him, and sails them down to the mouth perhaps. But he don't often go outside." Sam looked about him. "I was expecting him along about now. He left an order at the 'Hoy' for a dozen bottles when he come along this morning. I reckon I'll just put 'em in the dinghy and get off to my dinner."

Merrow found a seat in full sight of the steps, lit a cigarette, and prepared to wait.

His vigil was not to be a long one. Barely ten minutes had passed before he saw a man and a woman coming along the quay. He was a tall, good-looking man, suggestive of the stage, with dark hair very slightly tinged with grey. But his eyes were sleepy and restless. Even when he was speaking to one of the boatmen lounging near

nose, that tight, hard mouth—he knew.

He had seen her photograph. The woman in the boat with Charlton was

Nurse Marshall.

Merrow watched them rowing out, watched them climb aboard, while swiftly the many implications of his discovery ran wildly through his brain, and the whole plot became crystal clear. It was the nurse who had instigated the blackmail—she would know everything about Janet Warren's tragedy. And this rogue Charlton was acting for her.

He rose suddenly, looked in at the 'Hoy' to leave a fictitious message for Archie Warner, dashed for his car and headed back to the "Black Boy."

Gwen had to be told his news at once.

From the cockpit of the cutter yacht "Pegasus" Mr. Frederick Charlton was watching Wodenbridge Town quay through powerful binoculars. From the cabin the woman called to him peevishly:

"What are you doing, Fred? Rene won't be here for an hour yet."

Charlton answered curtly, "I'm not looking for Rene. I'm looking at something I don't like."

"Oh? What?" The woman's voice was apprehensive, and she came to the foot of the companion ladder.

"Keep down," he ordered. She stood waiting until at length he dropped his glasses.

"What is it?" she asked again.

"That fellow on the seat at the head of the quay when we came off. He was Merrow, of the 'Black Boy.' He tried to cover his face when we came along. He's just cleared off in a hurry. Now what the hell's he up to?"

"Merrow?" Hilda Marshall echoed. "Are you sure?"

"Quite. I don't like it." The woman tried to reassure him, but she was not very convincing.

"I don't see you've got anything to get worried about," she said. "He lives close here. Why shouldn't he be here?"

"Why shouldn't he?"

Charlton retorted savagely. "He didn't live very close to Chaldean, did he? Why shouldn't the Darcy woman go to Shinglemouth? And what the hell are they up to? I'm going to let Logan know about this. I'm going ashore."

"Don't be in such a damn hurry. You'd better make sure he has gone first."

"Yes, and let Rene walk right into him if he hasn't," Charlton snapped.

"I forgot that," the woman said.

"Well, I didn't. You and Logan don't take the chances I do, or perhaps you wouldn't forget things."

"Well, anyhow, mix me a drink before you do go. I expect it'll be all right."

"It'll be a hell of a joke for some of us if it isn't," Charlton said, starting to mix a cocktail.

The woman no longer made an effort at reassurance. She gulped her drink moodily.

"What I don't understand is who's stirring up the stink," she said at last. "You don't seem to know the answer, nor does Logan."

"Or if he does, he's not telling," Charlton put in bitterly. "Trust Logan to look after himself. I'll bet he knows more than he's told. But he can't fool me. He's had the wind-up bad ever since Warren did herself in. I'd have said it was Sudbourne behind it, only in his position he'd have gone to the Yard. I don't know—"

"Perhaps Rene will know," the woman said.

Charlton took up his glasses and once more scanned the quay.

"Seems all clear," he commented after a few moments. "I'm going." He pulled the dinghy alongside and rowed back to the shore.

Fortified by several pink gins, Charlton became less nervous. Presently he wandered out and scoured the quay thoroughly, resting at length on the seat Merrow had occupied. Sam Parsons, back from his dinner, found him there.

"Got the beer all right, I hope, sir?" he said.

"Yes. That's all right, Sam," Charlton replied.

"I'd have put it aboard for you, only I was kept talking by a gentleman—"

"What gentleman?" Charlton demanded sharply.

"Why, I don't know his name, sir, but he's been here before. He was asking about a boat called the 'Hebe.' Gentleman was saying he liked the look of 'Peggy.'"

"Oh," Charlton said smoothly. "What's he want? To hire her?" He laughed. "Anyhow, I hope you told him she was let for the season."

He broke off conversation when he caught sight of a smart but, quietly dressed woman coming on to the quay. She was carrying a little suitcase. Charlton went to meet her. He greeted her in a soft, smooth voice.

"Hallo, Rene. Glad you've come," he said. "If you'd been here a bit earlier, Rene, you'd have found an old friend on the quay."

"Who?" she demanded.

"Merrow."

"Good God, Fred! Who is he?"

"The owner of the 'Black Boy' at Wilford—that's all I know."

QUIZ for today

1. A balalaika is a Russian dance, Portuguese garment, musical instrument, tropical snake, lizard?
2. Who wrote (a) A Daughter of Heth, (b) Daughter of the Regiment?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Gull, Cormorant, Petrel, Heron, Albatross, Oyster-catcher, Kittiwake.
4. On what river does Huddersfield stand?
5. Who was the first John o' London?
6. Who is Mrs. Jack Payne?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Excuseable, Judgment, Syringe, Conscientious, Queue.
8. What name is given to a group of partridges?
9. Who is the present Secretary of State for the Colonies?
10. Who was the Little Corporal?
11. What is the capital of Iraq?
12. Complete the names: (a) —the Confessor, (b) of Orange.

Answers to Quiz in No. 228

1. Horse.
2. (a) Sir Walter Scott, (b) Adelaide Proctor.
3. Parsnips are root-crops; others are not.
4. Errors and Omissions Excepted.
5. Jessie Matthews.
6. 12.
7. Miniature, Niece.
8. Sub-Leader.
9. No.
10. Tagus.
11. Midday.
12. (a) Ivan, (b) Hereward.

"Funny, aren't you? What's Logan say?"

"He doesn't know yet. Hilda thought you might know something about him."

"Me? Why me? I'd never heard of him till yesterday when he came to that god-forsaken cottage asking his questions. I got his name off some maps in his car while he was talking to the woman there, Mrs. Boon. I phoned Logan that and his car number when he'd gone, and he told me to come here and get my instructions from you."

All right, Rene, don't get excited. I don't know what your instructions are yet. I've got to phone him at three to let him know that you've come. I expect he'll want to see you somewhere. But you know what Logan is—God knows where it'll be."

They came alongside the "Pegasus" and Rene Marks scrambled on board.

(To be continued)

USELESS EUSTACE



"Well! And what is it you wish to see the Entertainment Committee about?"

the steps those half-closed eyes were ranging the quay, and his head swung round as though he were seeking someone.

Merrow at the moment was apparently lighting a pipe, his face bent down. He was sure it was Charlton when he heard him ask if Sam had brought the beer along, adding, "Yes; I see he's shoved it in the dinghy."

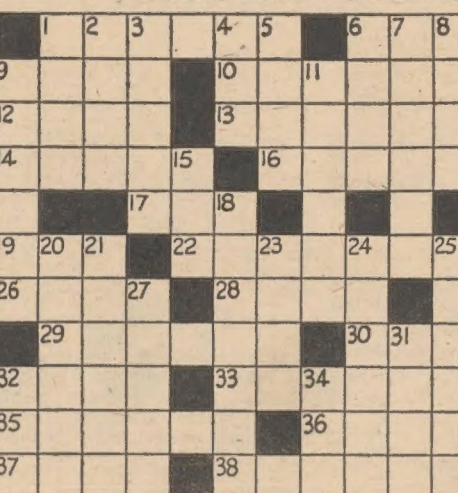
He scrambled into the little boat and helped his companion in. Merrow's eyes fixed on her. She was not young, tall and plump, with dark chestnut hair that didn't look too genuine in colour. He had seen her somewhere, but for the life of him he couldn't place her.

Charlton shoved off and backed the dinghy from the steps, and for a few seconds Merrow had a profile view of the woman against the light. Then it came to him in a flash of startling revelation—the big



CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Preference.



CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Garment.
- 2 Cue.
- 3 Senior.
- 4 Trophy.
- 5 Give forth.
- 6 Factory.
- 7 Stir up.
- 8 Backed benches.
- 9 Fodder.
- 11 Typewriter roller.
- 15 Groove.
- 18 Annoys.
- 20 Woman's jacket.
- 21 Fair.
- 23 Metal thread.
- 24 Nomad.
- 25 Buzzed.
- 27 Afterwards.
- 31 Venture.
- 32 Garment attachment.
- 34 Triumphant cry.

- 6 Plan.
- 9 Be spiral.
- 10 Sports official.
- 12 Put ashore.
- 13 Head cushion.
- 14 Furred animal.
- 16 Ankle bone.
- 17 Strange.
- 19 Recede.
- 22 Stood higher.
- 26 Trundle.
- 28 Floor covering.
- 29 Idler.
- 30 Fuss.
- 32 Canvas shelter.
- 33 Sailor.
- 35 Zealous.
- 36 In this direction.
- 37 South African.
- 38 Let off.

Solution to Problem in No. 228.

CHID HASTES
HARICOT AXE
ATOM RECIPE
L NEWS ILLS
EVE HEAT O
TERSE LEERS
N OTTO NET
VISA HEAR Y
OSPREY FOAL
TOE AMIABLE
ENDURE REED

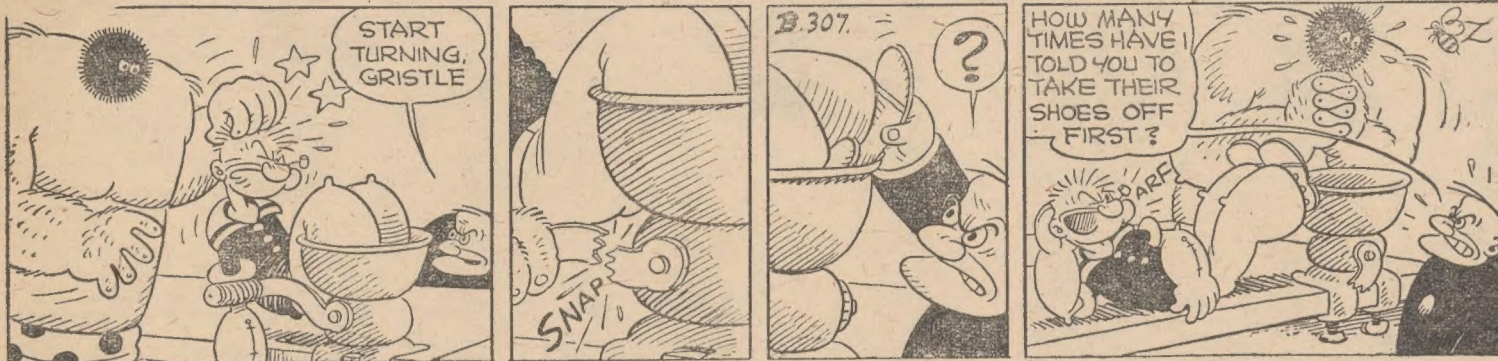
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUUGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

IN THE VILLAGE.

IT would be all to the good for hard-working people to have a centre of social life better than the draughty parish hall or village school. Clubs for men and boys, reading-rooms, some rooms for town visitors, a communal kitchen—the possibilities of such a centre are endless.

W. J. Ferrar.

TO END WAR.

WE heard much in the last war of "a war to end wars." To-day we might think of a wiser slogan: "A peace to end war."

The Countess of Oxford.

OUT OF THE RUT.

THERE will always be men and women of more than average ability and force of character in every social grade, who will rise to the top and be prepared to act as leaders, and who will be accepted as such; always provided that we give them the chance of doing so and do not have everyone "nationalised" from the cradle to the grave, and placed in a crawling queue from which there is practically no chance of escape except by the clannishness of someone who had gradually achieved (possibly through clannishness) a somewhat higher place in the line.

J. S. M. Jack.

KNOWLEDGE OF WARFARE.

THE salvation of the world from the chaos into which it can be thrown by the disruptive strength of war requires a knowledge of warfare as wide and deep as possible. In a democratic state this knowledge should be widely disseminated, so that the people, who control policy in the last resort, can appreciate the power factor which is of importance in practically every political issue. The truth has been obscured in this country and in the United States partly by a sentimentalism of recent growth, but mainly by a traditional antipathy towards "militarism," an antipathy whose real roots are economic.

S. H. F. Johnston.

POLITICAL JUDGMENT.

THE "worker" born in Leeds or Liverpool, the clerk wandering nomadically from one part of that cultural desert of "Redbelt," which surrounds our metropolis to another, almost inevitably come to accept the type of living which these agglomerations impose on them as quite natural. How is such a being to arrive at a truly civic judgment on such a basic political question, for example, as what a "balanced" national economy demands? He has no standard in experience or even in aspiration by which such a thing is to be judged.

Maurice B. Reckitt.

MUSICAL TASTE.

MUSICAL taste is utterly independent of class distinctions, as we may see to-day, when the love of jingle is just as widespread among the highest as among the lowest. ... There is no more democratic audience in the world than that of the "Proms," and nowhere are the creations of Tin-Pan-Alley better appreciated than in the most expensive restaurants and night-clubs, which, so far as I am aware, are not frequented by the mass of the people.

Edwin Evans.

CLEAR THINKING.

WRONG feeding, wrong entertainment, quack medicines, ephemeral literature, artistic insensibility, a mediocre Parliament, a puerile Press, and a static and conventional religion—these evils could never develop and flourish in a population with properly developed mental powers. ... Mental clarity is the first requisite of that new world which we hear so much about, but which will remain nothing but a dream unless we have a new kind of people to compose it.

Frederick Willis.

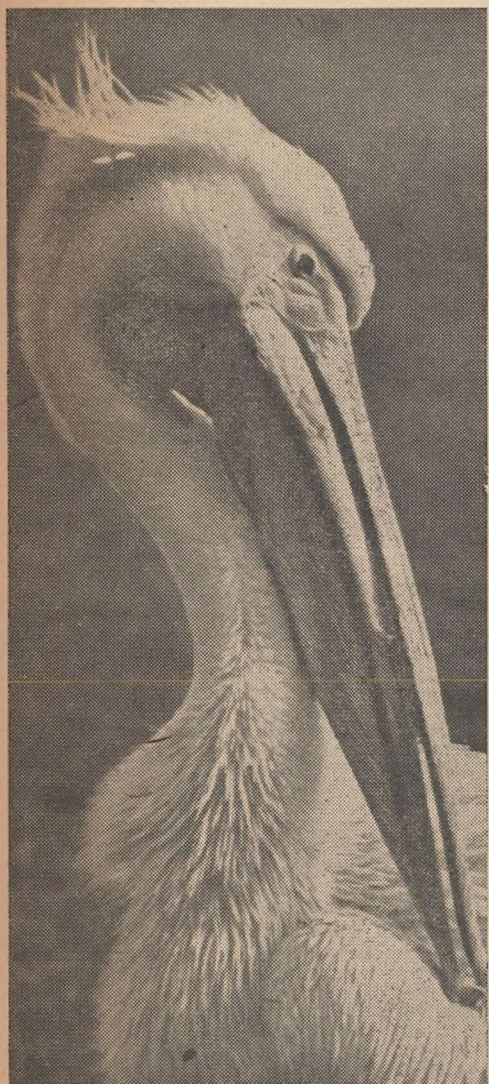
Solution to Puzzle on Page 3,
No. 228.

SQUIRREL
MUSQUASH
ELEPHANT
ANTELOPE
KANGAROO
HEDGEHOG
REINDEER

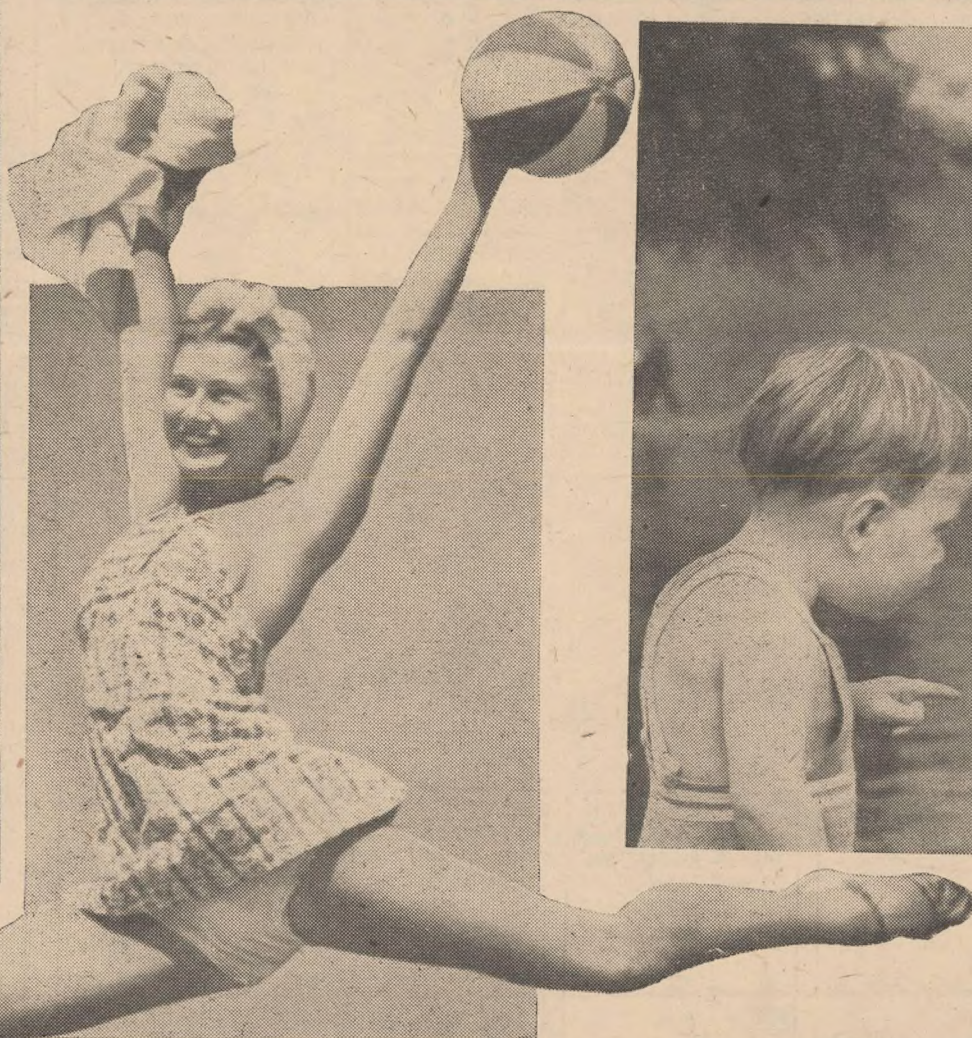
Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

"There's simply NO peace, nowadays, no matter how deep down we go. I'm going positively white worrying about these depth-charges."



"Well, what I mean to say is: With a beak like mine I'd be a fool to let 'trifles' worry me, wouldn't I?"



"Doesn't seem a big catch, does it; but I s'ppose that so many children have been fishing this summer that there just isn't anything left!"

"AIRBORNE"



PAWS AND EFFECT

An empty plate and footprints in the snow were all that the cats left to denote their visit.



This England

Music hath charms. The tin-whistle virtuoso holds his audience enraptured in a quaint street of Totnes, Devon.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Don't sound 'navy' to me."

